Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
Man. No my good Lord.
Exit.
Rom. No matter, get thee gone,
And hire thoſe Horſes, Ile be with thee ſtraight.
Well *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Let's ſee for meanes. O miſchiefe thou art ſwift
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men:
I doe remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwels, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with over-whelming browes
Culling of ſimples; meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miſery had worne him to the bones,
And in his needy ſhop a Tortoiſe hung,
An Allegater ſtuft, and other skinnes
Of ill ſhap't fiſhes, and about his ſhelves
A beggerly accompt of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders, and muſtie ſeeds,
Remnants of packthred, and old Cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcattered, to make up a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to my ſelfe I ſaid,
And if a man did need a poyſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a Caitiffe wretch would ſell it him.
O this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe,
Being holy-day the beggers ſhop is ſhut:
What ho? Apothecary.
Apo. Who calls ſo loud?
Ro. Come hither man: I ſee that thou art poore,
Hold, there is forty Duckets, let me have
A dram of poyſon, ſuch ſoone ſpreading geare
As will diſperſe it ſelfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie taker may fall dead,
And that the truncke may be diſcharg'd of breath,
As violently as haſty powder fier'd

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.
Appo. Such mortall drugs I have, but *Mantua's* law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſſe,
And fear'ſt to dye? famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppreſſion ſtarveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggery hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.
Apo. My poverty but not my will conſents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Apo. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drinke it off; and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.
Ro. There is thy gold, worſe poiſon to mens ſoules,
Doing more murders in this loathſome world,
Than theſe poor compounds that thou maiſt not ſell:
I ſell thee poyſon, thou haſt ſold me none.
Farewell, buy food, aud get thy ſelfe in fleſh.
Come Cordiall and not poyſon, goe with me
To *Juliets* grave, for there muſt I uſe thee.
Exeunt.

Enter Frier John *to Frier* Laurence.

Joh. Holy Franciſcan Frier, brother, ho.
Enter Laurence.
Lau. This ſame ſhould be the voice of Frier *John*,
Welcome from *Mantua*: what ſayes *Romeo*?
Or if his minde be writ, give me his Letter.
Joh. Going to finde a barefoot brother out,
One of our Order, to aſſociate me,
Here in the City viſiting the ſicke,
And finding him; the Searchers of the towne,
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did raigne,
Seal'd up the doores, and would not let us forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.